

402 SONNETS.  
*PARTHENOPHIL* [9

And thou mine heart a Bulwark art!  
Conquered by Beauty! battered to the  
ground ! And yet though conquered will  
not yield at all. For in that conflict,  
though I fall, Yet I myself a conqueror  
repute  
In fight continual, like victorious  
mart Yet ever yield, as ever  
overthrown. To be, still,  
prisoner ! is my suit, I will be,  
still, thy captive known !  
Such pleasing Servitude  
Victorious Conquest is, and  
Fortitude !

MADRIGAL 20.



[Y LOVE, alas, is sick! Fie, envious  
Sickness! That, at her breast (where rest all  
joys and ease), Thou shouldst take such  
despite, her to displease, In whom, all  
virtue's health hath quickness! Thou durst  
not come in living likeness! For hadst thou  
come, thou couldst not her disease!

Her beauty would not let thee press!  
Sweet graces, which continually attend her. At  
her short breath, breathe short! and sigh so  
deep ! Which Sicknesses sharp furies might  
appease:

Both Loves and Graces strive to mend her.  
O never let me rest; but sigh and weep ! Never  
but weep and sigh ! " Sick is my Love; And I  
love-sick ! Yet physic may befriend her! But  
what shall my disease remove ? "